



# Eastwood Newsletter



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## *Your Eastwood Team*

**Greg Snider**  
President

**Chris Hilker**  
Vice President

**Jeff Gorman**  
PGA Professional

**Drew Muhich**  
Assistant Professional

## October Event – Shamble - Best 2 of 4 Net

**October 5, 2014**

**9:00am Shotgun Start**

The final event of the 2014 Men's Club season is called a Shamble. The format is a little unique. As in a scramble, all four members of the team tee off, and the best of the four tee shots is selected. All players may **place** their ball within one club length of the chosen tee shot, no closer to the hole. The player whose tee shot is used may also lift, clean, and place their ball before playing. If the selected shot is in a hazard, the rough, the fairway, or the fringe, the ball must remain there. From this point, the hole is played out as stroke play, with all members of the team playing their own ball until it is holed.

The team score for each hole will be the best 2 of 4 net scores.

**Reminder:** Each player must hole out, even on the par three's as we will be using the best 2 of 4 net scores. Each player must contribute a minimum of **four** tee shots in 18 holes; par threes count as tee shots. Please keep track of whose tee shot is used on the scorecard.

**Leaf Rule:** If the members of your foursome agree that a ball was lost in the leaves, it is up to the group to come to a consensus where the ball was lost. When that spot is determined, you may take a free drop in that spot.

Good luck and thanks for a great season!

# **Letter from our Club Professional**

Dear Men's Club Members

What a great All-City Golf Championship. I want to thank all of you who participated, and also all the help with the ball spotting, starting, etc...It was a huge success, you should all be proud of the condition of Eastwood Golf Club.

The weather has been incredible since we got out of that horrible spring. Two of the worst springs I've ever seen in a row. It's difficult to compete with Mother Nature. Hopefully we will have a long beautiful fall. As this newsletter is going out, the Dual at the Jewel is being played. This is our year to beat that pesky Northern Hills Squad. Plus we are having our Clash at the Wood VI (Ryder Cup Event). With one Sunday Event left (October 5<sup>th</sup>), plus our annual year end shoot out, I hope you all enjoyed the events this season.

What a wonderful look with the split rail fences on holes 12 and 17. This will hopefully deter golf cars from going into these areas and thank you to all who helped construct these fences. Special thanks to Shorty Kinsley who supplied the equipment to make this happen. A lot of praise and thanks needs to go out to my staff this season. Led by Assistant Golf Professional Drew Muhich, Ken Gerzsenyi, Ross Messick, Schafer Knoepke, Gail Frisbie, Anne Green, and last but not least Golf Course Superintendent Dave Brudwick and his staff. Dave has done a spectacular job this season and the golf course is arguably in the best shape we have seen. Also a special thank you goes out to Larry Mortensen for his dedication to Eastwood's Men's Club and this publication.

Gentlemen, it's been an honor to serve as your PGA Golf Professional for the past 11 years. This is the best Men's Club in the area. Have a great fall golfing here at Eastwood.

Your PGA Professional

**Jeff Gorman**

All Golf Shop Credit  
must be used by  
November 15.

## **Divine Punishment**

Once, there was a preacher who was an avid golfer. Every chance he could get, he would be on the golf course swinging away. One Sunday was a picture-perfect day for golfing. The sun was out, no clouds were in the sky, and the temperature was just right. The preacher was in a quandary as to what to do, and shortly, the urge to play golf overcame him. He called an assistant to tell him he was sick and could not do church; he packed up the car, and drove three hours to a golf course where no one would recognize him. Happily, he began to play the course.

An angel up above was watching the preacher and was quite perturbed. She went to God and said, "Look at the preacher. He should be punished for what he is doing." God nodded in agreement. The preacher teed up on the first hole. He swung at the ball, and it sailed effortlessly through the air and landed right in the cup 250 yards away. A picture-perfect hole-in-one. He was amazed and excited.

The angel was a little shocked. She turned to God and said, "I beg your pardon, but I thought you were going to punish him. God smiled. "Think about it – who can he tell."

## **From the desk of the Assistant Pro**

I would like to start off by thanking everyone who purchased raffle tickets for the Assistant's Championship. I cannot tell you how lucky I am to have such great support from our amazing Men's Club. Although I didn't play as well as I would have liked, it was a great experience. I have two events left this year, the Dual at the Jewel and the Assistant's 6-6-6 event.

As the season comes to an end I find myself looking back at the amazing year we have had. 64 Man and 4 Ball matches are almost done, and the last Men's Club events are almost here. I would like to thank you guys for getting your matches done in a timely fashion. I hope everyone has an amazing fall and get at least a few more rounds of golf in. Let's have a great Clash at the Wood, Men's Club Sunday Event, and Shoot-out.

Drew Muhich

**Fall Blowout Sale  
Now In Effect**

# Golf Poem

In My Hand I Hold A Ball,  
White And Dimpled, And Rather Small.  
Oh, How Bland It Does Appear,  
This Harmless Looking Little Sphere.

By Its Size I Could Not Guess  
The Awesome Strength It Does Possess.  
But Since I Fell Beneath Its Spell,  
I've Wandered Through The Fires Of Hell.

My Life Has Not Been Quite The Same  
Since I Chose To Play This Stupid Game.  
It Rules My Mind For Hours On End;  
A Fortune It Has Made Me Spend.

It Has Made Me Curse And Made Me Cry,  
And Hate Myself And Want To Die.  
It Promises Me A Thing Called Par,  
If I Hit It Straight And Far.

To Master Such A Tiny Ball,  
Should Not Be Very Hard At All.  
But My Desires The Ball Refuses,  
And Does Exactly As It Chooses.

It Hooks And Slices, Dribbles And Dies,  
And Disappears Before My Eyes.  
Often It Will Have A Whim,  
To Hit A Tree Or Take A Swim.

With Miles Of Grass On Which To Land,  
It Finds A Tiny Patch Of Sand.  
Then Has Me Offering Up My Soul,  
If Only It Would Find The Hole.

It's Made Me Whimper Like A Pup,  
And Swear That I Will Give It Up.  
And Take To Drink To Ease My Sorrow,  
But The Ball Knows ... I'll Be Back Tomorrow.

By Carvall Down